

Maybe this wasn't meant to be by jug

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Summary:

sup, this is my first work in the stranger things fandom, just want to say I'm not too good at writing/ grammar so bear with me. This work will include cutesy middle school relationship between eleven and mike, if you are looking for smut of any kind please look elsewhere i am not comfortable with that cuz they're like 14 its weird.

Angst but not like too bad so don't worry about it.

Thanks!!

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Maybe things just weren't meant to be, or at least that's what eleven told herself over and over until the seldom mantra became the only clear thought she could fathom.

Each gust of frigid wind sent numbness throughout her entire body. This might be a Hawkins winter but God did this feel like a frozen hell.

Its only been a couple of days since she defeated the Demogorgon, a couple of days without food. A couple of days without him.

She swallows the frozen lump in her throat.

Mike.

His smile, the way his tender kindness touched her unlike anyone else had.

She had never felt anyone truly care for her like her new friends did. Feelings were not new to her, but happy was new. She had only known sadness, anger, and fear with Papa but the way she felt glowing around these new people in her life was a mystery.

But life would never be that again. Not with the bad men knowing she was here in Hawkins.

There were survivors, people who felt she was a monster and wanted to hurt her, just like Papa had.

White walls.

Rainbows.
Floating.
The bath.
Beep.
Floating.
Doctors.
Papa.

Breathe, her lungs scream at her desperately in a cry for life-giving oxygen. But Eleven can only lay and let the cascading tears freeze into ice crystals down her face. Breathe! Breathe eleven! Breathe! Goddamnit! But it feels like an impossible task.

Maybe this wasn't meant to be.

Maybe this new beginning free from the lab is going to be the end of her it was too good to be true, she'd never see her friends again.

A certain blackness is filling her up. Eyelids flickering. Her instinct is to fight the sinking feeling that's weighing down her chest.

But what is the point?

Something is going to crush her anyhow.

Maybe she should let it.

Eleven sits up slowly.

Was she sleeping? Did she pass out? Is this death?

This place is oddly recognizable. Even if this is just blackness. Overwhelming blackness.

It's not death. But it might as well be.

"Eleven!" A voice calls out to her almost in a whisper.

She searches through the pitch black world for the source.

Who is calling her?

"El?" The voice is sweet and almost inaudible.

It doesn't take a girl with special abilities to know the voice of her, what was the word Dustin used again? Oh yeah her crush.

Eleven can breathe again, her lungs thawing with each inhale. Relief floods her entire body, warming her. Eleven can only stand there

watching Mike in awe of his adorable grin that's plastered on her face now too. He's motioning her to come closer. Walking through the darkness reluctantly at first, but breaking into a sprint, she feels no fear, only hope as each foot in front of another brings her closer to that magical boy who she has foreign but strong feelings for.

Looking around the midnight Mike is only a touch away. She's practically shaking with excitement, her fingertips extend as she reaches out for the boy who leaves her so weak.

"Mike?" she croaks out.

As soon as she brushes Mike's skin he vanishes in a cloud of smoke.

"Mike!" Eleven screams out turning into a sob halfway through. She's choking on her own tears in the lonely, dejected shadows.

The scene flips from complete black to the blinding white walls and flickering fluorescent lights of the prison that they call the lab.

Papa wants her to find someone, he swore to her he would not hurt the man she's tasked with locating. But Eleven knew better, all the times he's told her this, she could see the innocent people get killed by him.

She can't let this happen again.

Searching into her mind for the man.

He is playing trains with his children.

His daughter gives him a hug, squealing with delight when he tickles her. The wife is caring for their newborn son.

They are all smiling.

Happy Eleven thinks to herself. Happiness is unknown to her, but this family has it.

"Eleven did you find him?" Papa's harsh voice calls out for her, pulling her out from the kind family she had been daydreaming about.

"No, i could not find him" She lies looking away from his hardened face.

"Why are you lying to me?" He questioned raising an eyebrow.

She could not lie to Papa for some reason, he always found out

somehow.

“Tell me this instant” Raising his voice into a yell.

Eleven cowered at the loud tone but stood her ground.

“I will never tell you, he had children! You will only hurt him like you always do. You are an evil, liar!” Blood drips out of her nose, staring down the man who she calls father.

“You are a bad girl Eleven!” Papa screams at her.

“And you know what bad girls get”

Her stomach dropped, she knew what bad girls got.

“Please, Papa don't do this!”

Eleven tried begging and pleading but it failed, Papa was a hard-hearted man with no sympathy for her cries.

Panting Eleven sits up quickly on the cold, snowy leaves.

Gasping for air as the ruins of her happiness lie scattered around this frozen ground, her only thought is; Maybe this wasn't meant to be.

Hopper takes a long drag of a cigarette, the only source of warmth against the biting cold outside.

Damn winters.

“Officer! Officer! Can you hear me?” The shrill voice of the woman brings his attention back to the police report he's supposed to be filling out.

“Yeah yeah” He grumbles.

She rolls her eyes, mutters something about dumb cops and continues with her story

“So you see a deer swam across the lake behind my house.”

“Uh okay..?” He questions why this is such a problem. This has got to be the dumbest call he’s ever received. He scribbles a picture of a tree on his notepad that's supposed to be for taking reports.

“And I'm just worried that it'll be cold out here. In the winter you know?”

She says this with a straight face, ruling out the possibility this is all a joke.

“So... You want me to conduct a search for a cold deer?” Hopper cannot believe the stupidity of this.

“Yes that's exactly what you need to do officer”

“Okay, ill go back to the station and see what I can do”

He’s not actually going to do anything about this wet wild deer.

Sighing, he climbs back into the still warm police truck and steps on the gas. Getting as far away from this wacky woman as possible.

Driving through the woods he couldn't shake the feeling something was wrong, seriously wrong. It's probably nothing he tells himself, after the past weeks he always feels something is wrong. But this is different, ignoring his brain he slows the car.

Looking out the window he sees something in the distance. Squinting he can sort of make out the outline of a person. Getting closer and closer he can see it is a child wearing a large coat.

Could it be?

No way.

Holy fucking shit it is.

The shivering child collapsed on the side of the road is Eleven.

Now Jim hadn't been a parent for some time, not since Sarah’s death, but every paternal instinct kicked in when he locked eyes with this little, malnourished, haunted girl.

The tires of his car squeal in an effort to stop so fast.

Running out of the car and toward Eleven the girl looks even worse up close with dark purple circles under her eyes, no trace of fat in her bony face, red eyes with a tear-stained face. All he needed in that moment was for her to be safe.

“You’re okay, you're okay now,” He tells her, rocking her in his arms, hugging her tighter than he’s ever hugged anyone before.

Author's Note:

If u liked it, let me know!